



A PROJECT OF THE DOMINION INSTITUTE

Shaneen Robinson
Cree and Gitksan Nations
Age 28

Notay Kiskintamowin “Wanting to Know”

****Note: Adult language in this play has been modified. For a copy of the original version of the play, please contact The Dominion Institute, staff@dominion.ca****

CHARACTERS

DELLA-ROSE- 40 Something adoptee who’s just written her first play.
PIXIE-Early 30s alcoholic, drug-addict who has just regained custody of her daughter.
DELAYNEE- Pixie’s 10-year-old daughter with FASD.
JEANETTE/ASHLEY CIRCLING EAGLE/WAITRESS-The mother of Della-Rose and Pixie. Also plays young journalist at reading, and waitress at first coffee shop and a young Della-Rose.
PRIEST (Father Whiteway)/SMOKEY/Abusive Partner-Residential School priest, uncle Smokey and Jeanette’s abusive partner.
GRANNY DORIS/Mildred/Older Jeanette-Mother of Jeanette, Della Rose and Pixie’s Grandmother, Delaynee’s Great-grandmother. Also plays a middle-aged Jeanette and Mildred.

SETTING

Begins at a book store reading in Toronto, then bedroom, moves to bus depot lobby, bus station and coffee shop in Winnipeg, then Greyhound bus, another coffee shop and ends in backyard in Northern Manitoba.

TIME

Now.

ACT I

Scene 1 Book reading a small coffee shop. Last Week.

Scene 2 Bedroom. 3 days ago.

Scene 3 Bus Depot. Now.

Scene 4 Greyhound Bus. Now.



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Scene 5 Bus stop coffee shop. Now.

Scene 6 Backyard in Norway House. Now.

ACT I

SCENE 1

(Black...begins with woman singing and hand drum music then fades as sounds of glasses clinking and chatter comes up...lights come up on a simple podium with a microphone as sound fades and Della-Rose walks into light. A few chairs and small tables with wine glasses. Audience imagined except for one young journalist sitting alone at a table.)

DELLA-ROSE

(Takes a deep breath and begins reading...)

That son of a bitch never saw it coming! Did he actually think I'd sit around and take this [expletive] for the rest of my life!? Lie after Lie, whore after whore! The straw that broke the [expletive] camel's back. Well I've had it. No more! I'm gonna take control of my life and start making myself happy. It's been 30 life sucking years of cooking, cleaning, trying to make that bastard happy and look where I am now! Same god damn predicament I was when we said "I Do".

(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

[expletive] What am I gonna do? The cops will be here soon. I better get the hell outta here. What if they find the gun? Oh my God, what have I done?

DELLA-ROSE

(Closes the book, pushes reading glasses onto her head and looks up to speak to her audience.)

This play is about infidelity and the toll it takes on a relationship. I guess I wanted to write about it because it's something that's been a part of every relationship I've ever been in. The character of Kate has been beaten, lied



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to, cheated on and neglected for over 30 years... and finally one day...she just snaps.



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(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

(Takes a drink of water...)

ASHLEY CIRCLING EAGLE

(Raises her hand...)

DELLA-ROSE

(Points and nods in recognition...)

ASHLEY CIRCLING EAGLE

Hi there, my name is Ashley Circling Eagle from Turtle Island News. Della-Rose, do you think infidelity in relationships is something that is prominent within Aboriginal communities?

(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

(Puts down her glass and clears throat...)

Well this isn't an Aboriginal themed play...this is about an issue that affects all races of people.

(Pause)

ASHLEY CIRCLING EAGLE

Okay...well...there aren't many of our people involved in theatre in this part of the country...what's it like for you to be an Aboriginal playwright in Canada, actually what's it like to be a Female Aboriginal playwright in Canada?

DELLA-ROSE

Like I said, this play has nothing to do with being (sarcastically quotes with her fingers) "Aboriginal".

ASHLEY CIRCLING EAGLE

I just mean, you know as far as being a role-model to our youth and...



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DELLA-ROSE

Listen kid...I don't know why all you reporters have to ask me the same questions. I have no clue what it's like to be Aboriginal...for Christ sakes...I grew up in Guelph with rich [expletive] white people.

(Beat)

(Lights fade except for one single light on Della-Rose...she walks away from the podium and walks closer to the audience...begins speaking directly to them...you can hear distant hand drum music, it's a mourning song.)

DELLA-ROSE

That little bitch...the nerve. She was so confident and self-assured. I'm sick and tired of people harassing me about this "Aboriginal" crap.

(Pause)

Maybe I shouldn't have been so rude, but she just...she just, dammit, I guess it wasn't her fault.

(Beat)

(She walks out of the light...lights fade as singing gets a little bit louder, then fades...lights eventually come up on Della-Rose lying in bed with the blankets over her head sobbing...phone rings.)

DELLA-ROSE

What!/? Oh...Hey Tom...nah I feel like [expletive], I can't make it in today. No not the flu, just feel like [expletive] okay.

(Sits up and makes a "pfff" noise in disregard)

I don't care if I made her cry... she shouldn't be so damn pushy...she's just a little greenhorn wannabe journalist.

(Pause)

I don't give a [expletive] if nobody wants to read it! You can burn every copy for all I care! (Hangs up.)



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(Moans and gets out of bed...grabs suitcase and starts packing, she throws off her robe and is fully dressed underneath...throws her messy hair up in chopsticks.)

DELLA-ROSE

I need to get out of this [expletive] hole.

(She looks around the room...grabs suitcase...gives one last look around...fades to black.)

(Beat)

(Lights come up on her sitting on a bench reading a book...voice over intercom)

VOICE OVER INTERCOM

All Greyhound passengers heading west to Thunderbay, Kenora and Winnipeg...please head to gate 3 for boarding.

(She puts her book in her oversized handbag and begins ruffling through it...she pulls out her cell phone and dials.)

DELLA-ROSE

Hey Tom... listen... I'm sorry about the other day, I've just been stressed out and, you know with the play and everything...Ken leaving. I just need a break. I need some time for myself.

(Pause and she takes a deep breath)

DELLA-ROSE

I'm going out of town for a couple of weeks...I know...I'll be back in time for the festival Tom! I'm sorry, I just need to get away for awhile, get my head straight.

(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

I have to get going here, my bus is leaving...west...you know I hate flying, besides I want to see the country...Manitoba...yeah you know go dig up my roots and see what I can find. I'll call okay...ciao.



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(The song “Going Back” by Digging Roots fades up...as Della-Rose puts on her coat with fur trim and a big flashy scarf and picks up her big hand bag and pulls along her fancy suitcase...she walks away as the lights on her fade and the song continues. Attention is now given to a large projector screen on stage right...a slide show of pictures begins with trees, and highways, lakes and houses...only first 1:43 of song then fades and a picture of ext. Winnipeg Bus Depot appears...the words “Indian Capital of Canada” are in bold red block letters on the top part of the picture.)

(Song plays over above action)

(Song is gospel/ blues feel ~Lyrics- “Well I’ve never had much shonia (*money*) but I’ve had the pleasure of a rich man’s life with twists into shadows that turned into light, well now my number’s up and its not O-88, I’ve got my ticket and I’m ready for that gate...I’m going back, going back to the place that I’m from, gonna see so many smiles that I haven’t seen in a while, going back to the place that’s my home”)

(Picture remains...lights up on Della-Rose sleeping across three bus seats...)

VOICE OVER OF BUS DRIVER

We’re now entering Winnipeg...for those of you continuing west we’ll have a 3 hour stop over. For those of you staying in Winnipeg, or transferring, thanks for traveling with us.

(Della-Rose sits up and stretches her arms above her head as she groans, then rubs her eyes...she gets up puts her coat on and grabs her big hand bag and walks stage left where her suitcase can be seen. She’s once again looking through her enormous bag...she pulls out a pack of cigarettes...continues ruffling through her bag.)

DELLA-ROSE



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Oh great...where the hell's my lighter? Holy [expletive] it's cold.

(Della-Rose is distracted as Pixie enters stage right pulling her daughter Delaynee roughly and drags an old hockey bag and a carry on sized bag...)

PIXIE

Hurry the hell up Delaynee, for [expletive] sakes...it's cold.

(Pixie stops abruptly in front of Della-Rose...she appears jittery and withdrawn)

PIXIE

And what the [expletive] are you looking at?

DELLA-ROSE

Oh...sorry...I'm not, I just need a light.

PIXIE

I have one...can I bum a smoke then?

(Della-Rose gives her a cigarette without saying a word.)

PIXIE

Wholly...that's pretty fancy luggage... (Laughing) you some kinda big city Indian or what? Where's your limo?

(Delaynee is holding herself like she needs to pee...)

DELAYNEE

Mommy...I need to pee...really bad.

(Pixie ignores her...looks Della-Rose up and down)

PIXIE

So where you from?

DELLA-ROSE

Well...here technically, but I grew up in Ontario...umm I think your little girl needs to use the washroom.

(Pixie just waves her hand dismissingly...)



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PIXIE

Yeah yeah...you look familiar...anyways can I bum a few more smokes? I only have a few bucks and it's like a 13 hour ride to Norway House.

DELLA-ROSE

Hey, I'm going to Norway House too!

PIXIE

Oh yeah...Woopy [expletive] doo...those smokes?
(Delaynee pulling Pixie's coat...whining)

DELAYNEE

Mommy...?

(Pixie pushes her...)

PIXIE

Awus (get lost) Delaynee, boy you're just getting on my nerves already!

(Della-Rose is clearly shocked by the way Pixie is acting...she takes a few cigarettes out of the pack and passes the rest of the pack to Pixie...)

DELLA-ROSE

Here, you can have the rest of my cigarettes, but you really should take your girl to the bathroom. It's cold out here, and she looks like she really needs to go.

(Pixie grabs the girl by the back of the head roughly and pushes her to walk forward... she looks down and notices Delaynee has peed her pants.)

PIXIE

Oh Jesus Christ! For [expletive] sakes Delaynee!

(Pixie raises her hand to slap Delaynee...Della-Rose intervenes.)

DELLA-ROSE

Hey, hey there's no need for that. C'mon now...just finish your cigarette, I'll help her to the bathroom okay. Just calm down.

(Without saying a word, Pixie hands Della-Rose a carry-on bag and Della-Rose holds Pixie's hand and they walk across the



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stage...through two imaginary doors... a room divider is the bathroom...the audience can only see Della-Rose.)

(Della-Rose opens the carry on bag and pulls out panties and sweat pants for Delaynee.)

DELLA-ROSE

Are you okay in there?

DELAYNEE

Mmm Hmm.

(Della-Rose passes clothes over the stall.)

DELLA-ROSE

Here you go...now just pass over your dirty clothes okay...don't worry, it's alright.

(Delaynee walks around the corner carrying her dirty clothes. Her head is down in shame.)

DELLA-ROSE

Do you feel better?

DELAYNEE

Yah.

(Della-Rose puts the soiled clothes in a plastic bag and back into the carry on bag.)

DELLA-ROSE

Your name is Delaynee right?

DELAYNEE

Yah.

(Della-Rose runs her hands through Delaynee's hair.)

DELLA-ROSE

Hey don't worry about it kiddo, it happens to people all the time okay?



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K. DELAYNEE

DELLA-ROSE

So how old are you?

(Delaynee looks up and smiles.)

DELAYNEE

I'm 10.

DELLA-ROSE

Really...my daughter is 10 too.

DELAYNEE

Cool.

DELLA-ROSE

Maybe you two can play together someday.

(Delaynee just looks up and smiles again.)

DELLA-ROSE

Okay, we better hurry up...it's almost time to go. C'mon let's wash your hands.

(Della-Rose waits as Delaynee washes her hands in an imaginary sink...Della-Rose grabs the carry on bag and holds open the door for Delaynee...Delaynee runs toward Pixie...Pixie seems to have settled down and holds open her arms to hug Delaynee...They hug.)

(Beat)

(All lights dim except one on Della-Rose...she once again walks toward the audience and begins speaking directly to them.)

DELLA-ROSE

I don't understand why that young woman was so mean to her daughter.



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(She shakes her head and looks down at her hands, she pauses for a moment then takes a couple of steps closer and looks at the audience.)

DELLA-ROSE (continues...)

You ever get that feeling like you were meant to meet someone? Or déjà vu...something like that?

(Voice over interrupts...)

VOICE OVER OF WOMAN

All passengers heading north to Ashern, Grand Rapids, and Thompson please make your way to Gate number 4.

(“Wake up and Rise” by Digging Roots fades up as Della-Rose looks up, turns around and very slowly walks out of the light as it fades...once again attention is given to the projector screen where a montage of pictures are displayed as the song continues...various pictures of residential school kids, graveyards, jails, homeless people, prostitutes, and poverty stricken reservation homes...ends with a black and white picture of a little girl with a black eye wearing shabby clothes sitting on the steps of a CFS building with a suitcase looking very sad as the song fades down at 3:45.)

(The Song plays over the montage of photos)

(Song is roots/ blues/reggae feel ~Lyrics- *“musical intro...*
We are all part of the struggle, living and breathing in this frustration...to lift our hands with our hearts and fix these problems to push on out, to push on out, to push on out this oppression...well I said wake up, wake up and rise, for yourself and your people, for yourself and our babies and realize...never doubt your own movement or volition, we’ve got to clean our minds ‘cause this corruption is the pollutant...I said now don’t believe in this confusion, is said now we gots to live our roots, I



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said live our roots and hold our position...we gots to wake up,
wake up and rise, for yourself, and your people, for yourself and
our babies and realize...*fades*")

(Beat)

(Lights up on Della-Rose walking down a small aisle of make shift
bus seats on either side... (chairs are facing the audience in centre stage)
Pixie and Delaynee are sitting beside each other (Pixie in the aisle seat and
Delaynee by the "window")...Della-Rose sits in the row opposite them.)

VOICE OVER OF MALE BUS DRIVER

Good evening, my name is Dale and I'm your driver for this trip to
Thompson...we'll be making some pit stops in Ashern, Fairford, Grand Rapids, and
Ponton. Please make yourself familiar with the emergency exits on either side of the
bus...should be a relatively smooth drive except for one closed lane after St. Laurent, but
that'll only last about 15 kilometers. It'll be about 10-12 hours depending on the weather
and road conditions.

(Della-Rose moves to the chair closest to the two and starts talking
to Pixie...she extends her hand.)

DELLA-ROSE

I didn't catch your name...I'm Della-Rose Miller.

(Pixie looks at her hand for a moment...then shakes it.)

PIXIE

I'm Pixie.

DELLA-ROSE

Nice to meet you Pixie.

(Pixie nods unappreciatively and gives a sarcastic fake smile... she
pulls a star blanket out of her carry on bag and covers herself and
Delaynee and gives a small pillow to Delaynee. Delaynee smiles and
immediately makes herself comfortable and closes her eyes.)



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DELLA-ROSE

So you're from Norway House?

PIXIE

Yep.

DELLA-ROSE

Were you just in Winnipeg for a visit?

(Pixie yawns and stretches her arms over her head much like Della-Rose had done earlier.)

PIXIE

Listen lady, I'm not really one for small talk...I just wanna sleep this hangover off okay?

DELLA-ROSE

Oh...well it's just that I've never been there and I kinda wanted to learn a little about the place is all.

PIXIE

What're you going there for?

(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

(shrugs her shoulders)

I guess...I'm going to meet relatives.

PIXIE

Oh yeah?

DELLA-ROSE

(Slowly answers as she nods and has a slight grin)

Yeah.

PIXIE

So what clan you from?

DELLA-ROSE

Clan? What do you mean...like what tribe?

(Pixie laughs...whips her head back she laughs so hard...Della-Rose has a nervous chuckle, she's embarrassed.)

DELLA-ROSE

Whaaaat? I don't know...what do you mean what clan am I from?

PIXIE

I mean like who's your family? Not what Nation...everyone from Norway House is Cree... (chuckles) like, are you a Muswagon (Muss-Wagon), an Apetagon (Appa-Tay-Gun), a Paupanekis (Pop-panna-gus)...who's your granny?

DELLA-ROSE

Oh, I see...well...I don't exactly know anyone from there yet...I'm just gonna kinda show up.

PIXIE

Well you have to know someone...then why the hell you going?

DELLA-ROSE

I just...I want to see where I was born...and I was told Norway House was the place.

PIXIE

Were you adopted or sumthin?

DELLA-ROSE

Yeah.

PIXIE

Where'd you grow up?

DELLA-ROSE

Guelph, Ontario.



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PIXIE

Guelph Eh?...Any other Neechi's around there?

DELLA-ROSE

Neechi's?

(Pixie chuckles...)

PIXIE

Guess not.

DELLA-ROSE

You mean like Aboriginal people?

PIXIE

Yeah...Aboriginal people (snickers).

DELLA-ROSE

No not really...I met a couple of Mohawks when my family drove through Caledonia when I was a kid.

PIXIE

Are you serious?

DELLA-ROSE

I mean I've watched a lot of Indian movies and stuff...I watch APTN sometimes. "Dances with Wolves" is one of my favorite movies.

PIXIE

Mmm hmm (sarcastically).

DELLA-ROSE

I didn't know I was Native until about 15 years ago...I thought I was Mexican.

PIXIE

Mexican? You can tell you're a neech from a mile away...why the hell would you think you were Mexican?

DELLA-ROSE

Well I found out I was adopted and that I was born in Manitoba when I was about 13. My older sister Bonnie came to Winnipeg for a symphony performance and when she came home she said there were a whole bunch of Mexicans in Winnipeg, and that I looked like them. So I just assumed I was Mexican.



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(Pixie bursts out laughing...)

PIXIE

Well trade in the tortillas for bannock baby cause you aint a Mexican yous an Indian!

(Della-Rose chuckles along with Pixie...)

PIXIE

So you were part of the Sixties Scoop eh?

DELLA-ROSE

The what?

PIXIE

Yeah I went to University for a couple of terms...

DELLA-ROSE

What's the Sixties Scoop?

PIXIE

(Pixie waves her hand in dismissal and turns to face Della-Rose)

Girl... you gotta read up on some of your history...I wanted to major in Native Studies...but that's a whole nother story.

PIXIE

Tons of our kids were stolen and given to white families during the 60s right through the 80s?! Some were sent to Europe, lots down south and some sent to different parts of Canada. They say about 35 thousand.

DELLA-ROSE

Really?

PIXIE

Yeah and you were one of them I guess. [expletive] deal. As if Residential Schools weren't enough.

DELLA-ROSE

I've heard of Residential Schools...I've read a bit about it.

PIXIE



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My granny's still waitin for her settlement...they say they can't find documentation...lost in a fire or sumthin like that. S'all [expletive] anyway.

DELLA-ROSE

My dad thought Indians made up the whole idea...

PIXIE

Typical.

DELLA-ROSE

It didn't sit well with me either...I had to find out for myself. I'm still learning.

PIXIE

It just pisses me off you know...that's like saying the Holocaust didn't happen for [expletive] sakes. Like all that cash is gonna solve our problems. It's like hush money.

DELLA-ROSE

Do you think it was really as bad as they say?

PIXIE

Worse...my Granny's told me some of the horror stories.

(Pause...Pixie digs into her bag and pulls out a Mickey of Canadian Club Whiskey...opens it and takes a swig...offers it to Della-Rose and she shakes her head no.)

PIXIE

Like my uncle Smokey...man that dude shook it rough. He was only four when him and my uncle Morris were taken from Norway House and sent down south to Brandon. He had a really bad stutter and the Priest and Nuns would always pick on him. He was beaten so badly one time he was in the hospital for a month. They had to remove his spleen and put pins in his arm.

(Lights fade until only one light is on Della-Rose... she walks toward the audience once again and starts speaking directly to them.)

DELLA-ROSE



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She went on to say how he was raped so viciously on the regular basis as a child that as an adult he couldn't control his bowel movements.

(Pause... Della-Rose sits cross legged on the floor looks up and continues addressing the audience.)

DELLA-ROSE (continues...)

He decided to enlist in the army in his late teens. He apparently ended up being one of the most decorated Canadian soldiers in history. She said when he returned, he couldn't go back to Norway House because he lost his treaty status.

(Della-Rose stands up and begins walking back to her place on the bus... half way down the aisle she turns around as lights on stage right come up. **Original music by Kent Walker fades up** and we see a man wearing a dark hooded sweater, you cannot see his face...he staggers and sits cross-legged on the ground as Della-Rose and the audience watches him...he rolls up his left sleeve and ties a belt around his arm...he has a needle and is putting it in his arm as the lights fade...then Della-Rose finishes speaking to the audience.)

(This Song is played over the above action)

(:25 - Lyrics~ Look around you, how many lives have gone to waste...people trying to keep the shade in their face. Time to put the pieces back in their place...realize that escape. Will I be forgotten when I'm gone? Will I be left alone? Fades down...ends 1:15 Total :50 seconds.)

(she begins speaking again once the music fades)

DELLA-ROSE

He spent half his life in and out of prison, most of the time because he beat the [expletive] out of his girlfriends. Pixie says he died on the streets of Vancouver...he sold his medals of honour to buy heroin.



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(The song “**500 Hundred Years O’ Blues**” by **Digging Roots** **fades up...as Della-Rose turns around and continues walking...**~Lyrics “Five-Hundred years and my people are almost gone...try to find the answers...are they all buried in the ground...five hundred years that shadows been around for so long, for so long.)

(song continues over the below action too)

(Lights come back up to show Pixie sleeping with her arm around Delaynee who is using Pixie’s thigh as a pillow...Della-Rose gets in her seat looks at Pixie and Delaynee for a moment and then uses her big hand bag as a pillow and unfolds her big scarf that’s wrapped around her neck and covers herself with it. Lights dim for a moment...music fades at :43 seconds in the darkness, then a Voice Over.)

VOICE OF BUS DRIVER

We’re in Ashern...there will be a 45 minute break here to accommodate people getting on and off at this stop. They have coffee, pop, sandwiches and baked goods if you’re interested. Thank-you.

(Pixie wakes up and stretches, Delaynee also gets up and stretches, Pixie taps Della-Rose on the leg.)

PIXIE

Hey Chiquita Banana...you wanna go for a smoke?

(Groans and finally sits up and stretches...she’s being whiney.)

DELLA-ROSE

God I am soooo sick of being on a bus...I need my Sealy Posturpedic, a hot bubble bath, a glass of merlot and a massage.



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(Laughs.)

PIXIE

Suck it up princess...you're on your way to the REZ...you'll be lucky to find a cousin with an extra mattress...C'mon lets go smoke.

DELLA-ROSE

Alright, alright (stretches again) I'm up.

(Pixie to Delaynee)

PIXIE

Do you need to pee my girl?

DELAYNEE

Yeah.

PIXIE

Okay let's go.

(To Della-Rose)

PIXIE

K...I'll meet you outside in 5.

(Pixie and Delaynee walk down the small aisle and proceed stage right where there is a table with 4 chairs...it is a coffee shop...they walk past and go behind room divider which is assumed to be a bathroom.)

(Della-Rose stands up and takes her hair out and twists it back up into chopsticks...she folds her scarf and puts it back around her neck...she walks down the aisle as she digs in her big purse...she pulls out a cigarette and stands between the chairs and the table...it's assumed that she's outside.)

DELLA-ROSE

[expletive].

(continues digging in her purse...Pixie and Delaynee walk from behind the divider...Pixie sits Delaynee down at the table, reaches into her purse and gives her a diet orange crush...opens it, kisses her on the forehead and proceeds outside.)

PIXIE

Nuh. ("here"...handing her a lighter.)



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DELLA-ROSE

Thanks...wholly crap it's cold.

(Della-Rose lights her smoke...Pixie pulls out her pack and puts a cigarette in her mouth... Della-Rose passes the lighter to her and she also lights her cigarette...they are quiet for a moment as they both take imaginary drags.)

PIXIE

You think this is cold...this is nothing...wait until we get further north.

DELLA-ROSE

Oh great.

(Pixie points towards inside...)

PIXIE

Hey you see that guy over there with the blue hat?

DELLA-ROSE

Yeah...what about him?

PIXIE

He looks exactly like my ex...Delaynee's dad...scared the [expletive] out of me. That savage used to beat me to a pulp...can't feel this part of my head because of him. (rubs the left side of her head)

DELLA-ROSE

That's terrible.

PIXIE

Ahh...it was only when he was drunk...he was a nice guy deep down...it was underlying issues ya know...same old "once were warrior" syndrome...his mom used to be a hooker, he'd see her bring different men home all the time...when he was twelve he saw her pimp beat her to death.

DELLA-ROSE

Oh my Goodness!

PIXIE



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Anyway...he's in Stony...doing life. Don't have to worry about that bastard anymore.

(Attention is brought to the screen where a big picture of Stony Mountain Penitentiary has appeared...Delaynee shivers...and throws her cigarette on the ground.)

PIXIE

Let's go! My nipples are gonna fall off.

(Della-Rose giggles and throws her cigarette too...they sit down at the table.)

PIXIE

(to Delaynee) Are you hungry my girl?

(Delaynee nods and smiles...Pixie looks at a menu on the table.)

PIXIE

(to Della-Rose) What time is it?

DELLA-ROSE

(looks at her watch) It's almost 10.

PIXIE

It's time for your needle my girl.

DELAYNEE

Nooooooooooooo. (starts crying). Hurts.

PIXIE

I know...but it's the last one today okay.

DELAYNEE

It hurts mommy...ouchy. No ouch.

(Pixie reaches into her bag and pulls out an old grungy pink care bear with a rainbow on its tummy.)

PIXIE

Here...hold Cheer Bear...she always makes you feel better.

(Delaynee takes the bear and hugs it very tightly)



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DELAYNEE

K.

(Pixie rolls Delaynee's sweat pants up past her knee and pulls out an insulin needle from her bag...Della-Rose is watching with her elbows on the table and her hands covering her mouth.)

PIXIE

Take a deep breath.

(Quickly pricks Delaynee with a needle.)

PIXIE

See all done...nothing to it.

(Delaynee whimpers...Pixie puts the needle in a sealed container, kisses Delaynee's forehead and pulls out a deck of cards for her to play with... looks up at Della-Rose.)

PIXIE

What're you gonna eat?

DELLA-ROSE

What's the needle for?

DELLA-ROSE

Oh...my poor girl has Diabetes...It's that [expletive] foster home...that fat bitch fed her nothing but fruit loops, peanut butter-jelly sandwiches and pop for 4 years.

DELAYNEE

P B AND J?

PIXIE

No my girl...you have to eat healthy.

(Young waitress walks over to the table)

WAITRESS.

Hey girls...what can I get' cha.

DELLA-ROSE



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I'll get a green tea and a tossed salad with French dressing on the side please.

(Looking at Pixie)

WAITRESS.

And for yourself?

PIXIE

(Is reading the menu) Umm...I'll have a grilled cheese and a coke and I'll also get a roast beef sandwich on brown for her (puts her arm around Delaynee)...light mustard, no mayo. Thanks.

WAITRESS.

Sounds good.

(Server walks away)

(Pause.)

PIXIE

So...what do you do in Guelph?

DELLA-ROSE

Well actually I live in the GTA now.

PIXIE

No clue.

DELLA-ROSE

The greater Toronto area...a municipality called, York...but I work out of downtown Toronto.

PIXIE

York? Oh yeah...that's my last name. York.

DELLA-ROSE

Really?

PIXIE

Weird...anyway, so whaddya do?



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DELLA-ROSE

Well...I guess you could say I'm a writer...

PIXIE

A writer hey? Ya...you look the part. Whaddya write about?

DELLA-ROSE

Well I just published my first play...went to college a long time ago studied literature...got lazy and just worked at various crappy jobs and for about 20 years...then about 2 years ago I got this gig at a publishing company and it finally inspired me to hit the keyboard.

PIXIE

Anyways...

DELLA-ROSE

Sorry...anyway, it's about this woman who kills her abusive, cheating husband after 30 years of marriage. She ends up in jail, but it's the best thing that ever happens to her...she meets a woman and they become romantically involved, she gets her high school diploma...blah, blah, blah.

PIXIE

Huh...no [expletive]. I have friends that give up on their men too...my friend Michelle just dumped her [expletive] and started dating his cousin Krista! (laughs) how bout that huh? So this character, what's her name, is she Indian?

DELLA-ROSE

No...I don't know... she's just a woman, any woman... her name's Kate.

PIXIE

I see. Why you been cheated on?

DELLA-ROSE

Every one of them.

PIXIE

Were they white guys?

(Waitress sets down cup and glass of cola)

DELLA-ROSE

Thank-you... Not all of them...I've dated black guys, Asian guys, Latino guys, a couple of white guys too.



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PIXIE

Wholla...Just worldly...I've only ever been with Neechi's...well 2 Metis, but...whatever... same [expletive].

DELLA-ROSE

Metis?

PIXIE

Girl...don't tell me you don't know what a Métis is?! (laughs)

(Discretely pulls out Mickey of Canadian Club...and pours a small amount into her glass of cola.)

PIXIE

If you want them to last all night long...you just give them some of this. (shakes bottle gently to show...laughs again.)

DELLA-ROSE

Well I've heard of Métis peoples...Like Inuit, First Nations and Métis, are all considered Aboriginal right?

PIXIE

Yeeeah... well they originate here in Manitoba, but now days everyone says they're Métis. I tell ya though... they sure are organized...I bet if all our Chiefs could be that together, our people would be better off...like just break free from the hold INAC has on us. The government relies on us Indians being dependant on the system.

(Server returns with some plates)

WAITRESS

Here ya go.

DELLA-ROSE, PIXIE & DELAYNEE

Thank-you.

(Della-Rose moves in a little closer...intrigued...as an old black and white photo of Chiefs signing treaties appears on the screen.)

DELLA-ROSE



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What do you mean?

(Pixie pretends to cut Delaynee's imaginary sandwich and then takes another drink from her glass...Delaynee begins eating.)

PIXIE

Forget it...I'll explain another time... that's like digging into hundreds of years worth of wounds...back to you...do you have any names of your family? Maybe I know some of them.

(Once again digs in her big purse...pulls out an old crinkled piece of paper.)

DELLA-ROSE

Well I have this. My mom's name is on it...but not my dad's...it says she was only 15...must've married really young...I thought maybe her husband died or something, that's why they had to give me up.

(Hands the piece of paper over to Pixie...she reads it...looks up at Della-Rose quickly)

PIXIE

Is that your mother's name?

(Pause)

PIXIE

Jeanette Osborne?

(VOICE OVER OF BUS DRIVER)

Bus to Thompson will be leaving in 5 minutes folks.

(Quickly stands up and starts getting Delaynee ready.)

PIXIE

We better get going then.

DELLA-ROSE

Do you know her?

PIXIE

(Talking to both Della-Rose and Delaynee obviously flustered)
Who? C'mon we better get on the bus. That [expletive] will leave us no problem.



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(Lights fade...we hear a woman singing with hand drum music...attention is again given to the screen where there is a black and white picture of a pretty Native prostitute standing on a street corner...her eye-make up is dark and smeared...her hair is messy...she looks drunk and distraught...lights come up on Della-Rose, Pixie and Delaynee walking down the aisle as music fades...they sit.)

DELLA-ROSE

Well?

PIXIE

Well what?

DELLA-ROSE

Do you know her?!

PIXIE

You can say that...

DELLA-ROSE

What's she like? Does she still live in Norway House?

PIXIE

She's in Norway House.

DELLA-ROSE

Do you know her well? Tell me about her.

PIXIE

Listen...Della-Rose...I don't know how to tell you this.

(Pause...Pixie grabs her hand and looks straight at her.)

Jeanette's dead.

DELLA-ROSE

What? Seriously? Oh no.

(Pause.)

DELLA-ROSE

How...when...what happened?



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PIXIE

She passed away about 20-years-ago now...listen, my granny new her really well...I'll introduce you to her, I think it's best if she tells you more okay.

DELLA-ROSE

Okay...but, do you know anything about her, or my dad, or if I have any brothers or sisters? I really want to know, you know...Oh my God...

(Pause as Della-Rose puts her head back and looks up for a moment.)

DELLA-ROSE

I can't believe she's dead...after all this. I can't believe she's [expletive] dead.

(Starts crying and puts her head in her hands.)

PIXIE

I'm so sorry.

(Delaynee crawls over Pixie and moves to sit beside Della-Rose...she sits beside her and puts one arm around her to comfort her as she cries.)

DELAYNEE

Its okay auntie...she's in heaven...with all the angels. She's happy now.

(Della-Rose clears her throat...digs in her bag and pulls out a handkerchief and wipes her eyes.)

PIXIE

I just hate that I had to be the one to tell you. I should have waited. I'm sorry Della-Rose.

DELLA-ROSE

No it's not your fault, I mean I'd have to eventually find out right?

PIXIE

Yeah...It's just...

DELLA-ROSE

It's fine okay. Just forget it.

(Pause as Della-Rose stares out of the window at the audience for a few moments...lights dim.)

(BEAT)

(The song “The Bottle Drinks From You” by Little Hawk fades up as we then see lights fade up on stage left where we see Jeanette sitting at a table by herself. There are about a dozen beer bottles on the table and one baby bottle with milk on its side. Jeanette is sipping on a beer swaying side to side. A man walks in and in mime he pulls her up by her hair and back hands her, then slaps her and knocks her down to the ground, continuing to beat her. He walks away as she rolls over in pain holding her head and rolling up into the fetal position. The lights dim and the song fades out 1:06-1:10)

(The song plays over the above action...)

(Lyrics~ You don’t drink from the bottle...the bottle drinks from you. You don’t laugh when it’s empty...the empty laughs at you. Now you’re just barely breathing as a tear rolls down you face...in your grave you’ll be lonely...your life was a disgrace...your life was a disgrace.)

(Della-Rose stands up and walks toward the audience again and begins talking to them as the lights are dimmed everywhere except for on her.)

DELLA-ROSE

We talked all the way past Grand Rapids...all the way up to the Ponton junction...

(Pulls a cigarette from her pocket and pretends to light it...she sits cross-legged again on the floor...has the cigarette hanging from her mouth as she takes the chopsticks out of her hair and shakes it messy and leaves it loose...she throws the chopsticks out of the light.)

DELLA-ROSE

A lot of tears ya know...I almost couldn’t handle it. That poor woman, my mother...

(Pause)

She suffered a hard life....a really hard life...

(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

Pixie said after she gave me up, she took it really hard. She moved to Thompson for awhile...then to Winnipeg.

(She looks down at her hands for a few moments then back up at the audience.)

DELLA-ROSE

Apparently Pixie's granny knew Jeanette really well...she would write to her once in awhile just to let her know she was alive. I guess she had 3 more kids too. A boy who was only about 4 years younger than me...but apparently he was taken away by CFS when he was a baby because Jeanette drank too much when she lived in Winnipeg.

(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

His foster mother would handcuff him to sewer pipes in the basement for days if he misbehaved or put him in a dog kennel and shoot a pellet gun at him, or poke him with a stick. He died before he was three...his foster mother, his own great aunt...beat him to death. Pixie's grandmother said his face was so badly bruised and swollen his little eyes could barely be sewn shut.

(Della-Rose stands up...still addressing the audience)

DELLA-ROSE

I'd be better off not knowing this [expletive]. Why do I want to know? I thought I'd be going home to [expletive] teepees and fishing trips.

(Della-Rose shakes her head, turns around and returns once again to her seat on the bus and turns to Pixie.)

PIXIE

Are you okay? Should I stop?

DELLA-ROSE



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No no, it's just a lot to take in. I had this whole other idea of what I was getting myself into.

PIXIE

Sometimes things don't turn out the way we plan, I know how that is. That's why I'm going to see granny Doris, I've pushed her away for too many years.

(Pause)

But, I'm almost ready to start that healing. For my girl, I owe it to her. I never meant to continue the cycle.

(Looks down at Delaynee who's once again sleeping peacefully on her lap...continues speaking.)

That's what they say... No Pain, No Gain right? I think we have to feel our pain in order to move forward. Admit it. Take responsibility. Forgive. I know I [expletive] up, I still do, but I'm going to try my hardest to be a good mother from now on. Life's too short to hang onto other people's guilt. I don't want to numb myself with this [expletive] anymore... (lifts the bottle of whiskey swishes it around and takes one final swig)

DELLA-ROSE

I have a daughter too you know.

(Pause)

She lives with her dad.

PIXIE

Really? How old is she?

DELLA-ROSE

She'll be 11 next March.

PIXIE

You and her dad split up or what?

DELLA-ROSE

I never planned on having kids, it just happened. He was my boss at this casino where I used to work. (starts digging in her purse.)

(Pause)

I was going to have an abortion, but he begged me not too. I just never pictured myself being someone's mother. But, she's so beautiful, I'm so glad I didn't go through with it. (hands Pixie a picture)

PIXIE

(Looks at the picture for a moment) She looks just like you.

DELLA-ROSE

Her father and I were together for a while, but it just didn't work. He eventually married another woman. I get her every third weekend, and for a month in the summer. We get along great, but her dad makes good money and she's better off with him for now. I promised her she could live with me as soon as this play is published and I can afford a better place.

PIXIE

What's her name?

DELLA-ROSE

Zephyr Mildred Sampson...we call her "Zeffy" for short.

PIXIE

(Looks at Della-Rose with a puzzled look)

Zephyr? What the hell kind of name is Zephyr? And Mildred...God, the poor kid.

DELLA-ROSE

(giggles slightly)

I know...it's a bit unconventional. But I wanted her name to mean something. Her dad wanted to name her Cindy, but everyone I've ever known with that name was a slut. So I told him there was no way I was going to name my baby that.

(Della-Rose & Pixie laugh)

DELLA-ROSE

So I ended up taking her home nameless. She was just Baby Girl Sampson when we left the hospital. But when I came outside that morning there was this beautiful spring breeze coming from the west. (Looks up thoughtfully) I studied



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Greek mythology in college and remembered that the God of the west wind was called Zephyr. Zephyr is said to be the most pleasant of all the winds.

PIXIE

Ya must've been a hippy...and Mildred?

DELLA-ROSE

My adoptive mom's mother's name was Mildred. She was so kind and she was always the only one who ever made me feel loved growing up. She had Alzheimer's when I was in my early teens...I would just sit there and watch her paint these beautiful paintings over and over again of the same sailboat on the ocean. Once and awhile she would snap out of it and tell me stories of her childhood and a love affair she once had with a soldier. She would always play with my long hair and put them in braids when she told those stories.

(This takes place as the above dialogue is being performed.)

(Della-Rose continues to speak as the audience now sees lights come up on stage left on a young Della-Rose sitting on the floor with Mildred braiding her hair. There is a makeshift art stand with a canvas.)

(Pause)

In old English the name Mildred means Mild and Strength. I wanted my daughter to be mild and calm like the west wind, yet strong willed and proud. (looks over to Pixie as lights on stage left fade.)

PIXIE

Well my girl you certainly are "Kan-ta-watsi-moot".

DELLA-ROSE

What does that mean?

PIXIE

Kantawatsimoot... it's what the old people call being a good story teller...granny Doris is going to love that about you.

DELLA-ROSE



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Groovy.

(Pause)

I feel like I just keep talking about myself or asking you questions about my mother. What about you?

PIXIE

What'ya wanna know?

DELLA-ROSE

What are you all about Pixie York?

VOICE OVER OF BUS DRIVER

All right people we're just about to pull into the Ponton service station. It's currently 4am. The coffee shop is open 24 hours. People going to Thompson we have a 15 minute stop. People headed to Norway House your bus should arrive here for you in about 45 minutes. Please double check that you haven't left any items. Thanks.

DELLA-ROSE

Well so much for that.

PIXIE

Man do I ever need a smoke.

(Pixie gently wakes up Delaynee, she sits up.)

DELAYNEE

Are we there now mommy?

PIXIE

Not yet my girl, but almost. C'mon let's go have some cereal.

DELAYNEE

K.

(Della-Rose, Pixie and Delaynee simultaneously stretch up their arms and groan. Della-Rose gets her things together and puts on her scarf and jacket. At the same time Pixie folds the star blanket and puts it in her carry on bag, she then helps



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Delaynee put on her coat, then she puts on her own. The three walk along the aisle off the bus. As soon as they are off the “bus” Della-Rose lights a cigarette, then passes the lighter to Pixie to light hers. Pixie is slightly swaying side to side, but her feet are planted.)

DELAYNEE

I wanna smoke too.

PIXIE

No way. Smoking is for adults.

DELLA-ROSE

Yeah...you don't want to smoke, it's bad for you.

DELAYNEE

Bad for you? Then why are you both smoking?

(Della-Rose and Pixie look at each other as Delaynee picks up a half smoked cigarette butt from the ground and puts it in her mouth and pretends to smoke.)

PIXIE

Delaynee, put that down, gross my girl. (pulls it out of Delaynee's mouth and tosses it.)

DELLA-ROSE

C'mon girls let's just get a bite to eat. (tosses her almost full cigarette.)

PIXIE

Go ahead, I'm going to finish my smoke, you 2 can go get a table.

(Della-Rose and Delaynee walk together and sit down at a table on stage right.)

DELLA-ROSE

So Kiddo, whad'ya having? Do you want some cereal?

(Pause as Della-Rose looks at the menu)

DELAYNEE

You know what?

DELLA-ROSE

(Not really paying attention as she's looking at the menu)



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Hmm?

DELAYNEE

I can remember before I was born you know.

DELLA-ROSE

(Looks up from her menu with a puzzled look)

What do you mean?

DELAYNEE

I remember mom always smoked, my head would hurt when I was in her tummy.
(Pause)

Sometimes I would get reeeeeally hungry too.

DELLA-ROSE

You've gotta be kidding me.

(Delaynee innocently raises her eyebrows and shakes her head no.)

DELLA-ROSE

What else do you remember?

(Pause...Delaynee looks up trying to remember for a moment.)

DELAYNEE

Ummm...I remember every time mommy sang that song I would fall asleep and feel really sick when I woke up.

DELLA-ROSE

What song is that?

DELAYNEE

(Rocking back and forth and slightly off key she sings "Family Tradition" by Hank Williams Jr... audience can faintly hear an acoustic guitar fade up to compliment her singing.)

Country music singers have always been a real close family but lately some of my kin folks have disowned a few others and me.



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(Pause...Delaynee gets a little excited and starts to belt out the song.)

I guess it's because I kinda changed my direction I guess I went and broke that old family tradition.

(Pause...Della-Rose thinks she's finished singing and begins to quietly clap her hands)

DELLA-ROSE

That was great Delaynee...

(Delaynee belts it out again...this time even louder)

DELAYNEE

They get on me wanna know Hank why do you drink? Hank why do you roll smoke? Why must you live out the songs that you wrote?

(Enter Pixie...Delaynee stops singing...Della-Rose is looking at Delaynee in amazement as Pixie sits beside Delaynee.)

PIXIE

What's up?

DELLA-ROSE

Nothing...I just...

(Pixie pulls out a deck of cards and like nothing happened, Delaynee starts playing with the cards and is quiet again.)

PIXIE

Everything okay?

DELLA-ROSE

(Shaking her head)

Yeah everything's fine.

PIXIE

So what's it gonna be my girl? How about Special K with toast?



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DELAYNEE

K.

DELLA-ROSE

That sounds good...I'm going to have the same.

PIXIE

Me too.

(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

I don't think there's a waitress here. I'll go up the cashier.

(Della-Rose leaves for a few moments as Pixie and Delaynee play with the cards in silence. She returns with a tray full of 3 mini boxes of Special K, 3 little individual sized milk cartons, 3 bananas that are very ripe and 3 spoons.)

DELLA-ROSE

All out of bread, but they had 3 bananas left.

PIXIE

Mmmm...lots of brown spots, just the way I like it.

DELAYNEE

Ewww.

(Pixie chuckles)

PIXIE

She doesn't like bananas if there's even a speck of brown. Its okay my girl...I'll eat it.

DELLA-ROSE

Okay so where were we?

PIXIE

Ummm... (her eyes widen and she puts up her index finger and then giggles) Rez Dogs.

DELLA-ROSE

Rez Dogs?

PIXIE

It's not the actual (does quotations with her hands) "dogs" you have to be careful of there girl...it's the actual (moves her head around with "attitude" and snaps her fingers) daaawwwgs you have to worry about. (laughs)

DELLA-ROSE

I don't get what you're saying.

PIXIE

All I'm saying girl is that you're gonna be fresh meat in town. Don't let any of those pigs try to sweet talk you, ya hear? Trust me. There ain't a decent man in that town that doesn't already have a woman and a bunch of kids...some even have a few baby mama's. You just stick with me.

DELLA-ROSE

Trust me... I am not interested at all.

(Pause)

DELLA-ROSE

So quit changing the subject already. Tell me about you.

PIXIE

Well...let me think.

(Pause as Pixie looks up for a moment.)

My real name isn't Pixie, it's a nickname my Tootum gave me when I was little. I mean my Mooshum...my grandpa, but I always called him tootum. He died when I was 13...him and my granny raised me.

DELLA-ROSE

What's your real name?

PIXIE

(Chuckles and looks down shaking her head)

Violet.



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(Pause)

PIXIE

Violet Marley York... My mom loved purple violets and Bob Marley...I was born exactly one year after he died, May 11th, 1982. Apparently William, my dad, loved Bob Marley too. He wanted to name my older brother Bob. (laughs) But my tootum named him after his brothers instead. Walter Kenneth.

DELLA-ROSE

I love Bob Marley too...so why did he call you Pixie?

PIXIE

Sista-Friend, every second Indian has a nickname (laughs)... I got mine because I was like "Maymayguais" like...little people you know...elves, sprites, leprechauns?

DELLA-ROSE

Were you small?

PIXIE

Not really...I was just really mischievous and I would always hide people's stuff. (laughs)

(We hear a bus parking...moments later bells hitting a store door.)

VOICE OVER OF NEW BUS DRIVER

Anyone heading to Norway House?

PIXIE

Yes. We are. Be right there.

(The three walk stage left out of the imaginary door as the light fades.)

(Bob Marley's "Three Little Birds" fades up as we see pictures on the screen of highway lines on a nighttime road, and trees, then stars and a full moon.)



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(Song plays over slide show...)

(Lyrics~ Don't worry about a thing 'Cause ev'ry little thing gonna be alright Singin', Don't worry about a thing, 'Cause ev'ry little thing gonna be alright. Rise up this morning, smiled with the rising sun, three little birds perched by my doorstep...Singin' sweet songs of melodies pure and true, sayin', This is my message to you-u-u...) **Song fades down at 1:04-1:15.**

(Suddenly there is a picture on the screen of a little log cabin. Lights fade up and we can see granny Doris placing a kettle on an old fashioned wood burning stove. She has a little table with four old chairs with four metal camping cups, bannock is covered with a tea towel and there is margarine and jam on the table waiting for guests. She has a little radio on the table and the audience can hear faint gospel music...Then a knock on the door.)

GRANNY DORIS

Tansi (hello)...there they are it's about time.

(she dusts off her apron and adjusts her hair kerchief and opens the door.)

PIXIE

(Holding out her arms)

Surprise granny!

DELAYNEE

Surprise!

GRANNY DORIS

(Embraces Pixie and Delaynee)

Ohhhh... my girls...tansi...I knew you were coming to visit me. I dreamt about you 4 days ago. I just knew I should go to Bingo because whenever I dream you're coming to town, I win the night before you get here. Eight hundred on the lucky 7...ekosi, ekosi. (thank-you to no one in particular).

(Doris looks up at Della-Rose who is standing further back as not to impose. Doris begins walking towards her with open arms looking deeply at her. Her voice sounds as though she may cry.)



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GRANNY DORIS

My precious “nosim” (endearing name for young grand-child), I always knew you would come home.

(Della-Rose looks confused but hugs the old woman back.)

GRANNY DORIS

I named you Della-Rose after a beautiful woman in one of my old romance novels. (giggles)

DELLA-ROSE

I don’t understand.

GRANNY DORIS

Come in girls. Sit. I’m just making some fresh tea. That bannock is still warm.

(points for them to sit down and they oblige...Granny Doris pours some water into the cups and sits down.)

(The lights dim as Della-Rose walks towards the audience to speak to them and lights a cigarette.)

DELLA-ROSE

It was so amazing. I stayed there for about a week. I learned so much. Mostly good stuff, but some really bad stuff too.

(Pause)

I needed to know though...ya know?

(She takes another drag and looks towards the next scene as the light fades...light come up on stage right where Della-Rose and the audience are now directing their attention...The song “**Memego**” by **Digging Roots** fades up...We see a young Jeanette sleeping in a make-shift bed with white sheets and a Hudson Bay blanket...A priest mimes knocking on an imaginary door...he creeps in...Jeanette sits up in her bed, she looks scared. He sits on the edge of her bed and rubs her long hair and rubs her knee...she pulls the blankets higher and shakes her head



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no...he stands up mimes back handing her...he takes off his cloak...and pulls down the blankets...light fades.)

(The song plays over the above action)

(Song is gospel/ blues feel ~Lyrics- “Holy man thought I could depend on you , I guess I misunderstood your view or deny the answers that we seek but I am tired of turning the other cheek...I do not offend nor offended by him your Christ, your savior but by your church sin and all it’s come to represent they said undress, confess, repent...but that’s just a way to circumvent the truth again...yet one hundred million already gone, and still you continue on and that’s just human body count...**music fades down**”)

(Lights come back on Della-Rose taking one last drag of her smoke and flicking it out of the light. She speaks to the audience for a final time.)

DELLA-ROSE

And that’s how I came to be...some [expletive] “holy man” raped my poor mother. She died just before her 35th birthday like hundreds of our missing and stolen sisters, lost, alone and broken. She was one of the women taken on the Highway of Tears when she was out in B.C for a few years.

(Pause)

I refuse to let that happen to me or my daughter. It’s time to break the cycle.

END